

ON CALLING

Every child comes into the world with the message that God does not yet despair of man.

Rabindranath Tagore

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE MARK OF THE BEAST

See page 2

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WHAT A SHIP CARRIES FOR YOU

THE SINGING MEN BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

An Epic Story of the Navy

NEVER will the British Fleet forget the events which stirred the heart of the civilised world last week, ending on the Sunday morning in the sealing-up of the Baltic coast of Germany.

There has been nothing in the modern history of the sea to compare with the Navy's answer to Hitler that we are a decadent race. His cruel seizure of Denmark (with which he had a few months before signed a ten-year pact of peace) and his invasion of Norway (followed by attempts to murder the royal family) have been heroically countered by the swift action of the British Navy, which has sunk probably half the German Navy, has retaken Narvik (the central object of the German invasion), and has rapidly made itself master of the situation as regards the iron mines from which Hitler's supplies were drawn.

Heroes All

It is impossible to forecast what shape events will have taken when these words appear, but it is beyond all doubt that the world has been impressed by the miraculous exploits of our seamen. Pitted against surface ships, submarines, and bombers, our men blithely go their way as if the seas were theirs. We would that Francis Drake could know the tale of Narvik and its shattering of the Robber Fleet which has been murdering hundreds of Norwegians without cause. At one blow a third of this fleet was doomed.

The sky is bright with stars of hope, but it is the story of the destroyer *Ghurka* that shines out among all others in the night. She became the target of 30 Dornier bombing planes, advancing wave upon wave to destroy her. Again and again the destroyer fought them off, but at last a bomb hit her and the wound was mortal. Yet for four hours the crew, gallantly led by Captain Buzzard, son of one of the doctors of King George the Fifth, kept the planes at bay.

The Indomitable Coxswain

All the time she was slowly sinking, but to the last moment, when the sea was washing over her deck, her guns were firing. A boy of 18, Able-Seaman Evans, blown out of the ammunition hold by an explosion, worked for four hours on deck, throwing live ammunition overboard. Then, when the ship began to sink by the bows, and to turn over, the crew joined hands and

singing a rollicking sea chanty, walked together down the sloping side into the roaring sea, there to swim till a rescuing warship came.

The wounded had been lashed to mess tables and committed hopefully to the water, where one indomitable coxswain swam about cracking jokes and cheering all who heard him with his high-heartedness.

It is men like these who have laid mine-fields round the coast of Norway

Last March Through an Unknown Land

TWO NEW NAMES ON THE ROLL OF FAME

THE story of how two young Australian explorers, Jack Hides and David Lyall, departed into the unknown country of New Guinea in 1937, seeking gold up the Strickland River, is now thrilling Australia, which has been reading it in a book called "Beyond the Kubea."

The two friends paddled up the Strickland in May 1937 with forty Papuan carriers. Then they began to march, through the rainy season, to

flicker of a word had got through and that an aeroplane would come.

Then Hides decided that, rather than face the awful barrier with his sick companion, he would dash south to the Fly River and the Gulf of Papua. It meant cutting a way along the precipitous sides of the mile-deep Juha Gorge with the Strickland River rushing below. Every step had to be cut through the dense jungle growth on the sides of the gorge, and there were 600 miles to safety. For weeks they had been living on polished rice and canned meat, and the blistering sun of the limestone barrier had worn down their strength.

Two Miles a Day

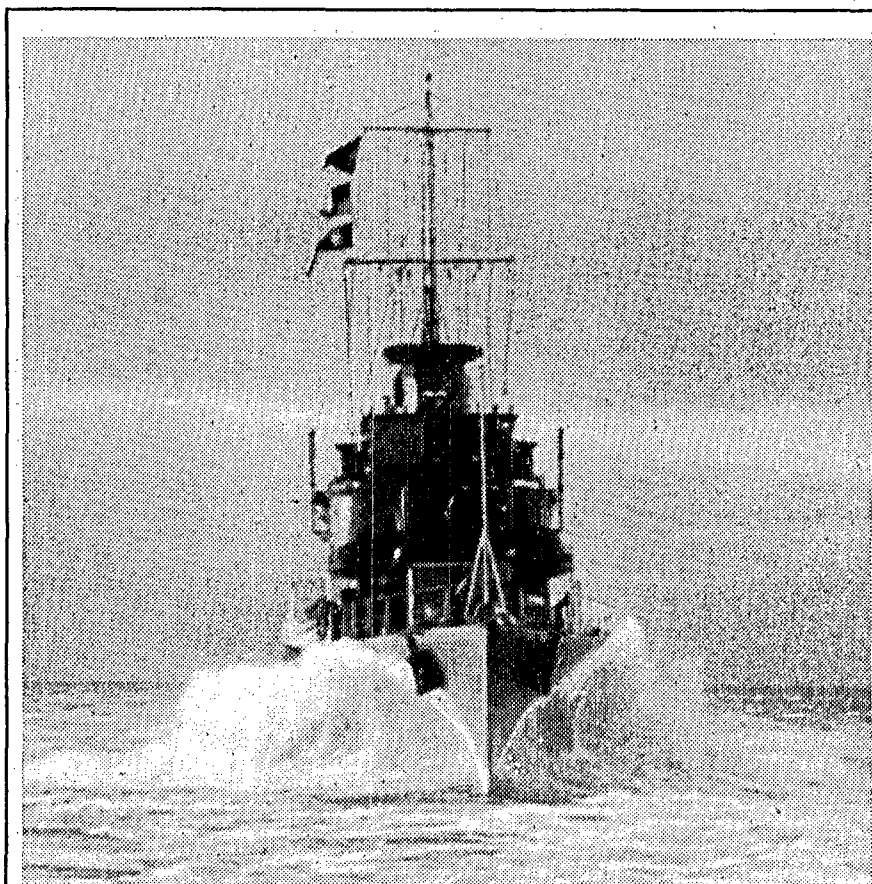
Suddenly the whole party was stricken with a bad form of beri-beri, and after five days of painful hacking through the gorge, two miles a day, four men were dead, and 22 were very ill.

There they were in the heart of the gorge, clinging to its precipitous sides and in the midst of impassable country for hundreds of miles round. Lyall was paralysed and almost blind, and Hides was sick and weakening. But his courage never failed him, and inch by inch he guided the stricken party down to the more open reaches of the Strickland River and on to the Fly River. For 14 days they paddled down the great river in constant peril of rapids, sandbanks, and crocodiles, and on September 15 Hides carried his companion to a doctor on the island of Daru, where he died next day.

In the Wilderness

The tragedy of the expedition is that the message for an aeroplane did get through to Sydney, where preparations were made to send one; but the nearest landing ground would have been 300 miles away, and who could have found the explorers in that unknown wilderness? Sydney wirelessed to Hides to send his position, but no answer came, for by that time the brave explorer was carrying his sick friend through the limestone chasm, winning a superb victory over tremendous odds, only to see his companion die. He himself was worn out and died in Sydney in 1938.

The names of Hides and Lyall will go down in the adventurous history of the Australian Commonwealth with those of her young soldiers standing on guard today over the Near East, for they showed their mettle and their courage failed not.



The Navy is Here

and on the very doorstep of Germany itself (hundreds of thousands of mines sealing up their shipways). Such splendid courage, typical of our Navy, glorifies alike the men and the land and the Navy that bred them. Of those who died we can say, as Milton said of his hero, *Samson hath quit himself like Samson, and heroically hath finished a life heroic*; of those who came home we must say that they remain with us to fight the way to Liberty for all mankind and to end for ever the Rule of the Beast on earth.

the Kubea limestone barrier which towers 4000 feet in Central New Guinea and forms the country's backbone. Through the mist and rain they came into a country of gigantic upland valleys, some of whose peoples Hides had met before.

But on the limestone barrier Lyall fell ill. From the hard, exposed precipices he was carried down into the valley and Hides wirelessed for help. But the last valve collapsed before the message was thought to be through, and there in the unknown wild country they waited for a week, hoping some

A NEW BIRD HAS BEEN FOUND

A new songbird has been discovered in America, the first new species of bird to be found there for 20 years.

So confident were the bird students of America that every species had been discovered, tabulated, and named that it came as a great surprise when Karl Haller, the ornithologist of Bethany College in West Virginia, announced that he had heard a new trill in the woods of that State. It proved to be a warbler with a yellowish olive patch on its back, a tinge of yellow across its throat, and a white marking on its tail.

The song is described as a rapid buzzing trill, ascending the scale and then dropping off, quickly repeated twice in succession.

Search was made and a female bird was found 18 miles away, with evidence that the species was breeding in the district. This little warbler belongs to the Dendroica genus and has been given the specific name of Potomac, from the river in whose neighbourhood it was discovered. Washington, in which stands the Smithsonian Institute with a complete collection of all American birds, is itself on that river, so that the surprise of the discovery so near that bird-study centre was all the greater.

The last new discovery was made far away on Cape Sable at the tip of Florida, and the bird was a seaside sparrow, a very shy bird with a restricted range.

Now Then, Guides!

The Girl Guides of the Motherland and Empire have set out to raise among themselves £20,000 before Guide Gift Week, which begins on May 19.

It is the intention of the Guides to present to the Government two air ambulances and a motor lifeboat, and to pay for these Guides, Guiders, and Old Guides are being asked to give up half a day's salary, or income. Guides and Brownies not earning money are asked to give what they can afford. It is suggested that many of these younger girls will find work to do for half a day and send the money they earn to the Fund.

The Guides are confident that they will raise the £20,000 in time, for today they are 700,000 strong in the Empire; and during the last war, when they numbered only 50,000, they raised £2500 for huts and a motor ambulance.

Will all C.N. Guides who are no longer in contact with Guide companies please send their donations to the Guide Gift Week Secretary, 17-19 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Phoney. This poor slang word from the American films has attained some sort of dignity from its recent use in a broadcast by M. Paul Reynaud. First recorded in 1919, its meaning is given as sham, counterfeit, or fictitious. A phoney man is a pedlar of worthless jewellery, and experts suggest that the word comes from "fawney," a tramp's term for a worthless ring.

Obsolescence. This is a term frequently seen of late in the reports of trading companies. It means the going out of date of machinery, stock, and so on, and prudent business men set aside a certain percentage of their annual profits to pay for replacements of machines when they have become out of date or worn out.

Naturalisation. The word is used for the admission of a person of foreign nationality into that of a country he desires to adopt. Many Germans, Austrians, and Czechs are today applying for British citizenship, which is granted by the Home Secretary if he is satisfied that the applicant is of good character, speaks English, has resided in this country for a certain period, and intends to remain as a loyal subject. An oath of allegiance has to be taken.

The Mark of the Beast

WHEN the British flag appears at any corner of the earth there peace and freedom come in its train. When the Swastika of the Nazis comes there follow destruction and death.

A week or two ago the peaceful peoples of Norway and Denmark were living their quiet lives, harming none, and thinking no ill in the world. It had always seemed that these little lands of Scandinavia were the safest and happiest countries on the troubled continent of Europe. Denmark had practically disarmed itself, having no enemies. She was the centre of a truly idyllic national culture nurtured by the wealth drawn from 200,000 farms.

An Army of Assassins

Suddenly all this harmony of life was changed in both lands to melancholy, shame, and suffering. With threats on their lips and murder in their hearts, the Nazi troops arrived, bands in front and bombs behind. Instantly they reduced Denmark to pitiful bondage, suppressing her newspapers, forbidding public meetings, and treating her possessions as the spoil of conquest and the prize of brigandage. The Danes were not allowed to use the food they had grown and stored.

Because she dared to resist inexcusable invasion Norway experienced treatment infinitely worse.

Hitler's brigaded assassins arrived proclaiming friendship and protection for the Norwegians; then gave effect to their message by dropping bombs. The Allies could not reach Norway, he thought; he could not imagine the retributive stroke of the British Fleet, which was so soon to follow.

Until the British Navy came to give them pause the invaders acted in Norway with the expert savagery of an army of brigands. They tried to murder King Haakon and the royal family. They bombed his hotel; they shot at him as he sheltered under a railway wagon, and, pursuing him up country, caused him to flee into the open country and hide there, three feet deep in snow, behind tree-shaded rocks. Even there they dropped their bombs, and sought to machine-gun

the king as he crouched concealed, like Alfred hiding from the Danes in Athelney 1000 years ago.

Blameless, just, and a kindly man, we know him well in England, where he has often lived, where he married our Princess Maud, and where Olaf, the Crown Prince, was born. Our hearts burned with indignation as we heard from day to day of his being murderously pursued like a rabid animal, sleepless, not daring to remove his shoes for a week. Our own King spoke for us all in the glowing message of sympathy and encouragement that he sent to King Haakon, and night after night the B.B.C. sent its greetings to his people.

While Allied help was still on the way the Germans harried and pillaged all the land that came under their sway. Neither in Norway nor in Denmark did they capture the national gold, which had been sent to England and America, but all else they took, and a thriving population, when not killed or put to flight, was allowed a grudging pauper ration of its own food. Many were killed by bombs; still more were hounded into flight, shelterless and unprovided amid snowstorms and icy blizzards only less pitiless than the Nazi Beast.

Wealth Destroyed

Attila boasted that grass never grew where his foot had trodden; and ruin and death attend the steps of Hitler. Denmark derives her riches from her livestock, which depend for life on imported foodstuffs as the land depends on imported fertilisers. These will not now arrive, so that Denmark, the other day rich and free, must become impoverished, a burden on instead of an asset to Germany, and therefore doomed to slavery.

But Nemesis stalks relentless in the wake of the ravager, with the British Navy as the chosen instrument of retribution. Never had any country more cause to be thankful for the British Fleet than Norway, for it is the power which will drive the Germans out of their fiords, and out of Scandinavia too.

Tragedy of a Rockery

These lines were seen the other day on a rockery outside a garden gate at Penrhyn Bay, North Wales:

IN MEMORIAM

*Thou art gone, our pretty flower!
Thy stay with us seemed but an hour.
This cavity now marks the place
Where thou did'st bloom with simple grace.*

*The guilty thief, whoe'er he be,
Could not have loved thee more than we;
And could we but get on his track
We'd hustle him to bring thee back!*

G. Gill

Mr George Gill is an old friend of the C.N. who has been Mayor of Stockport, and it has been his delight to build up the little rock garden for passers-by. Just now it is a sight of dazzling beauty, with daffodils, hyacinths, wallflowers, polyanthus, and primroses of varying hues, and it was a fine primula which was rooted up and carried off the other day. It is unthinkable that there can exist people so mean as to spoil a little public garden in this way. What lover of beauty, we may ask ourselves, can be so ugly in his life, so dead to all sense of right, as to steal the very beauty he loves? The flower thief is perhaps one degree lower in the moral plane than the litter lout.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

The Quebec Parliament has passed for second reading a Bill to give women the vote, and the women are jubilant at the prospect of victory after over 50 years of fighting.

We have been looking at some pictures of life in France, and it is pathetic to see an old peasant whose sons are in the army, and whose horses have been commandeered, dragging a harrow over a field with the help of two women.

In many schools in the country states are coming into use once more and are being used instead of exercise books to save paper.

Walking in a road near the river at Melton a cyclist met a swan, and with the help of his dog tried to drive it back to the water; but the swan smothered the dog with its wings and was only beaten off with great difficulty.

The French brig Telemarque has been raised after being sunk 150 years in the Seine, but the only object of interest recovered was a barrel of rusty hand-made nails.

Queen Mary was present at a village meeting to hear a talk about waste.

A granite monument has been set up on the cliff top at Alum Bay, Isle of Wight, where in 1897 Marconi put up a primitive aerial for some of his earliest experiments.

Two Yorkshire girls at Withernsea have made a blanket which is to be used in the Humber lifeboat.

For the third time during the war a lifeboat collecting-box has been rescued, this time a Ramsgate box with 3s 4d in it.

One Birmingham firm has made 500 million buttons since the war began.

Over a thousand newspapers in Germany have gone out of existence since 1933.

Guide and Scout News Reel

Great Lever Scouts, of Bolton, finding an injured man on Cranberry Moor, treated him for a bad knee injury, and carried him on an improvised stretcher to Entwistle.

Rover Scouts and Senior Scouts at Clifton College are preparing timber in the Forest of Dean for pit props.

Vancouver Scouters have been appointed Civilian Protection Wardens in charge of the 46 districts into which the city has been divided.

During the winter season Scouts of Huntsville in Ontario have patrolled all hills and favourite sleighing spots in the neighbourhood, in case of accident.

Burley-in-Wharfedale Rangers have adopted the crew of a minesweeper, fitting each man out, and also sending them playing cards, darts, and books.

The 1st Yarm (Yorkshire) Company of Guides have collected and sold 16 cwts of wastepaper and cardboard to buy wool for knitting comforts for the Mercantile Marine.

Arrangements have been made for Guides to collect tinfoil from all G.V.R. stations.

Hersham Girl Guides have been trained as bellringers at Hersham Parish Church in Surrey.

THINGS SEEN

A blind man directing pedestrians during the Blackout in one of York's narrowest thoroughfares.

A dove flying round a child's bed in Scunthorpe Hospital and building its nest on the windowsill.

A young girl alone leaving a York bank with her arms full of money packets.

BABY CAN SWIM

According to a doctor who is head of the Babies Hospital in New York, the old tradition that a human baby will swim when finding itself in water is right. But the baby has to be young enough!

At the hospital babies a few weeks old were carefully placed in warm baths beyond a baby's depth, and they immediately began to make rhythmical coordinated movements resembling swimming. At the same time the baby, by an instinctive reflex action, stops itself from breathing when its head is under water. An older infant tries to turn over on his back and cannot control his breathing. At the end of a baby's second year he displays deliberate swimming movements, especially with his legs; and this seems to show that he shares with kittens and rabbits and guinea pigs the instinctive ability to swim if circumstances compel him to do so.

THE HOUSE IS YOURS

One more kindly old lady has done a lovely thing. She was Miss Sostmann, who died last December, and it now appears that she has left her houses to the people who have been renting them. Seven small houses in Croydon belonged to her, and every week the tenants paid 11s 6d. A week or two ago they had their rents ready for the agent, but when he called he smiled and said, "You have no longer any rent to pay. The house is yours."

THE NAVY IS KNITTING TOO!

All our women are knitting at home. Now from a naval port comes news of a petty officer who spends much of his spare time making clothes for his wife and family! He is stated to have knitted jumpers, pullovers, scarves, hats, coats, and many other articles during the past year, and has taken with him (for he is now afloat) wool enough to keep him busy during his leisure hours aboard.

THE MORNING PAPER SNIFF

Householders in St. Louis, Missouri, could not believe their noses not long ago when they opened their morning paper. They sniffed and sniffed, and finally looked round the breakfast table suspiciously to see which of their children was playing a trick on them.

It was some time before it was realised that the strong smell of peppermint was coming from the newspaper itself, from an advertisement inserted by an ingenious sweet-manufacturing firm. *Oil of peppermint had been mixed with the green ink of this copy.*

FORGETTING HOW TO READ

It is reported that an Enfield seven-year-old, who has just returned home after spending the first seven months of the war in the country, has in that short period entirely forgotten how to read.

This is interesting in view of the fact that there are still some hundreds of thousands of children missing from school. The National Union of Teachers points out that the new school attendance order does not cover children between five and eight.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow successional batches of turnips, and hoe and thin out plants already up. Shallots should have the soil hoed and loosened about them.

Spring bedding should be looking very bright at this season, as most of the plants will be in flower. Keep the edges of the beds trimmed and clear off all decayed leaves or other rubbish.

Grass will now be growing well on the lawns, and will need cutting. It should be swept first, then rolled, and after this the machine may be run over it.

Tea on Its Travels

A FRIEND who died a few years ago used to tell us how she saw the first experimental consignment of flowers sent to London by two Lincolnshire farming brothers, and the return of daffodil time reminds us that from that tiny venture has grown up the great bulb industry which makes Lincolnshire a rival of Holland.

Will people in Southern Rhodesia, which celebrates its jubilee this year, have a similar story of success to tell of their new home? There is just as interesting a tale to tell of that land as of the English county.

A few years ago two Englishmen who had spent many years in India retired to Rhodesia to pass the rest of

their days in peace and contentment; but they yearned for some form of activity, and, casting about, they saw that Southern Rhodesian soil, such as they had at their disposal, seemed closely to resemble that in which they had grown tea in India.

They sent to India for seeds of the tea plant. It grew astonishingly in its new home, with a flavour all its own, stronger than China tea but weaker than the more powerful Indian tea. It has become an established crop, from which the two pioneers supply neighbouring families. Some day Southern Rhodesia may become a great tea-producing land from these modest beginnings.

12 DUCKLINGS UP THE TREE

Mother Muscovy Duck, who lives on the Chapman farm in Eumundi, Queensland, has hatched out 12 ducklings in the hollow of a tree 70 feet from the ground. Although the Chapmans kept an interested eye on the tree they were not able to find out how the clever mother got her brood safely to the ground.

TOP HATS FOR ICELAND

A Fleetwood men's outfitter was taken by surprise not long ago when an Iceland fisherman walked into his shop and asked to see a silk hat. The outfitter showed him one, and the man examined it and tried it on.

"How many of these have you?" he inquired, and the outfitter said he had eleven.

"Very well, I will take them all."

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

A Children's Crusade for Children is taking place in America, asking each one of the 30 million schoolchildren to give a penny for each year of their lives for the aid of boy and girl refugees the world over.

The crusade has a twofold purpose. The money contributed will be first and foremost a thankoffering from the children for the blessings of having a country like their own to live in; secondly, it will give the children a chance to express their sympathy for the homeless little ones of Germany, Poland, Finland, Czecho-Slovakia, China, and Spain. The funds will be divided among established relief organisations without consideration of race or creed.

THE WOMEN OF RUNSWICK BAY

While the men of Runswick Bay in Yorkshire are at sea or fighting in France the women are launching the lifeboat.

Gallantly they stand by, twenty or more of them pulling the heavy boat from its shelter and dragging it into the water, many of them striding boldly outwards till they are waist-deep. Hard work it is, dangerous and unpleasant when the sea is rough and cold and the wind stings the face; but these brave fisherwomen never hesitate. As soon as the call comes they respond. Running from their houses, they dash to the post of duty, and though skirts and coats are spoilt by salt water they never flinch from their task. Twice in a week they have launched the lifeboat, and they mean to keep on with their heroic work till the war is over and the men are back.

WOOL FROM THE SOYA BEAN

What can be done with the soya bean has often been told by the C.N. A complete five-course dinner can be made from it; but now it is to be turned into clothing. Two Japanese chemists have extracted from it a fibre which can be made into artificial wool or silk. The Italians were the first to make wool fibres out of milk, and their material is now on the market as Lanitol. The Japanese may succeed in making wool as cheaply from the soya bean, but the particular step in their process which interests all artificial fibre producers is that of keeping the liquid fibre from changing its character and becoming jellied before it can be worked.

WANTED, MORE COAL

Our new Coal Production Council, where owners and miners take counsel together, is planning a new drive to bring up our coal output to 270 million tons a year.

It will need a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, because as things stand we produced last year less than 240 million tons, out of which we exported 36 million tons.

This export of coal is necessary to pay for other things we must have, such as food and oil; but while we send it away we are left with little more than 200 million tons for our heavy industries, now working at top speed, and for our houses. Householders, remembering how they had to go short during the big frost and the upset on the railways which followed it, will understand why we must dig more coal for safety as well as comfort.

THE CORNER ACRE

It is over a hundred years since James Ross bought an acre of ground at the corner of Elizabeth and Collins streets in Melbourne. It was not an expensive piece of land; in fact it only cost him £32; but if he were alive today and wanted to buy the same site he could only buy a frontage of an eighth of an inch for that amount, for the acre has just been valued at more than a million pounds.

THE PEANUT MAN

All his life Amedeo Obici, of Richmond, Virginia, has been interested in peanuts.

He began by hawking them in the streets. In 1906 he saved enough to start a little factory, and he it was who put such attractively packed bags of peanuts on the market that they sold like hot cakes. The other day Mr Obici, president of his company, announced to his delighted stockholders that his business was now worth 12 million dollars.

FAMILY ALLOWANCE

Rowntrees of York have introduced a Family Allowance scheme among their workers which provides for an allowance of five shillings a week to be paid to all male workers of the company, and to all employed widows, in respect of each dependent child in excess of three, provided all such children are maintained as members of the family.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC

How many organists have been playing for over 70 years? There can be very few.

One we know is Mrs Sarah Jackson, of Netherthong in Yorkshire, who has been playing the church organ for 72 years. She began as a girl of 17, and, though she is now 89, she sees no reason why she should resign.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of April 1915

Help From the Clouds. There is no end to the surprises the airmen seem able to spring upon us in the war.

One day the engine of a Russian aeroplane went wrong, and pilot and observer had to descend in hostile country.

While the mechanic was putting the engine right, the observer, keeping a keen watch, saw six Austrian soldiers approaching. A shell was fired from the aeroplane gun, and five of the men dropped. The sixth held up his hands in token of surrender. As it was important that the man should not be allowed to escape, the aviators threw away their bombs to lighten the machine, tied the prisoner to the tail of the aeroplane, and, through a storm of bullets from enemy outposts, whisked him in triumph to the Russian lines—the first prisoner ever carried through the air.



A Breezy Autumn Day in Sydney Harbour

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 27

1940

THE WAR IS CHANGING US

WE are all aware of the rapid changes which are occurring everywhere today.

It is as if we were looking into a kaleidoscope, for the picture is never long the same, and on every hand are new developments, new terrors, new hopes. Since the war began the speed of life and the rapidity of change have vastly increased.

But how many of us pause to think that not only is the world about us changing, but we are changing too? *The war is shaping us.*

It is not an altogether pleasant thought. Many of us may be hardened by war. We may become less sympathetic. Some who had lofty notions and shining visions are today satisfied with mere expedients; and some whose faith stood like a rock eight months ago are now given up to doubts and fears. Some who were once kindly are becoming cynical. Not a few who were normally cheerful people are now normally sad. One of the kindest men we know surprised us the other day by saying what we had always thought him quite incapable of feeling.

Two things stand clear at the moment: our duty to our country and our duty to ourselves.

It is our duty in times like these to do what we can to help the fight against Barbarism, but for that very reason we must not become barbarous ourselves. We must be on guard against the insidious encroachment of war upon our own souls. It will blind us to the highest and best. It will eat into the very fibre of our being. A thousand pities it would be if rancour and bad-feeling and little-mindedness were to canker our hearts so that, having won the war, we were to lose the peace once more.

In these anxious times it is for us daily to ask God to take from our minds all unworthy thoughts, and from our hearts all base emotions. The war is changing us. Let us see that we are changing for better and not for worse.

A WORD FROM KIPLING To a Certain Fellow

His feet are swift to tumult,
His hands are slow to toil,
His ears are deaf to reason
His lips are loud in broil
He knows no use for power
Except to show his might,
He gives no heed to judgment
Unless it prove him right.
His vows are lightly spoken,
His faith is hard to bind,
His trust is easy broken,
He fears his fellow kind.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Humbug From Hamburg

IN 1864 a Yorkshire clergyman, Canon Isaac Taylor, wrote a book on Words and Places in which this passage occurs:

During the last century false political rumours were often propagated from Hamburg, then the chief port of communication with Germany. "A piece of Hamburg news" seems to have become a proverbial expression for a canard, and it is easy to see how this phrase has been pared down into the modern slang term, Humbug.

Racing in Wartime

IN the Great War, racing was permitted by Mr Asquith's Government until there was an outburst of indignation in the House of Commons.

Questions were asked of Ministers, pointing out that railway platforms were sometimes so crowded with men boarding special race trains that soldiers could not reach the platforms.

Ministers tried to fence with the questions, but were overwhelmed by protests from every quarter of the House. A Minister then confessed that the opinion of Parliament was against the Government in the matter and racing was severely restricted.

It is more than time that racing was completely stopped, for the nation is far too deeply engaged in grave affairs to be wasting time and money on the racecourse.

Tony Calling

WE like the latest story of Tony, aged seven, one of the rising intellectuals of the Surrey countryside.

It is perhaps a distinct reflection of our times that the other evening, after his baby sister had been particularly wayward, Tony delivered himself of this impressive observation:

If anybody said Jill had been good today I should say it was Propaganda.

WORDS

HAVING half an hour to wait in a library the other day, we picked up a volume of the collected poems of a modern fellow whose name comes much into the papers; and on putting it down we found it incomprehensible that a man should know so many words and not know what to do with them.

Under the Editor's Table

A NEW recruit is surprised how many things he can make a kit-bag hold. When he has got his hand in.

WHAT is it makes a Peter Puck Wants to Know PRIME MINISTERS are usually old men. Past their prime?

OLD films are boiled down to make glue. A pity some of the new ones aren't.

THERE is a boom in cycles. The tyres have been blown up.

UNLIKE the Dutch, the British do not like to eat meat half-cooked. It isn't done.



What the sailor sows when he ploughs the seas

THERE is no highway like the sea, says a speaker. If there were motorists would find it awkward.

THE modern business girl demands her own key. If she is a typist she needs several.

A WOODMAN says his work is boring. Likes to chop and change.

CUPBOARDS are badly needed in Government offices. Why not make use of the Cabinet?

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG AIRMAN

BROWN hair, brown brow, brown throat, like bronze
Sculptured by a Praxiteles,
And hazel eyes, like summer dawns
Lighting the isles of Southern seas.

He seemed like some great poet's dream
Of some white lovely Grecian god,
Adonis, with young eyes agleam;
Or Herakles, with shoulders broad;

And England, England, England lit
His eyes with loving, filial joy;
He went and gave his life for it,
This happy-hearted English boy.

England, his Merrie England, stood
For all things high, and all things free;
For all things wise, and all things good;
For Justice and for Liberty.

So he faced peril with a jest,
And with a smile he paid the price.
England was worthy England's best,
England was worth all sacrifice.

There was such laughter in his breath,
He was so young, and strong, and straight,
His beauty made a mock of death,
His joyance had no place for hate.

He saw the glint of steel below,
The thunder of the guns he heard;
But what to him were death and woe!
He only was a boy, a bird,

A boy on high adventure bent,
An eagle soaring to the blue.
Up to the radiant sun he went,
Through the bright fields of air he flew.

Then peace. With broken wings he lay
Upon the ground. But still meseems
The climbing spirit cleaves its way,
With the white wings of happy dreams:

And still meseems the boundless force,
The beauty and the love set free
From the gross flesh, will run its course
Through aeons of Eternity,

Unspoilt, unspent, will reach its aim,
And from the dead will spring perchance
A Europe purged by steel and flame,
A nobler England, nobler France.

Yea, from his fame as white as snow,
And from his sacrificial blood,
The lilies of new France will grow,
The roses of new England bud.

Ronald Campbell Macfie

STORY

AN Englishman was being shown over the house where the German poet Schiller was born, and the German guide said: "This is the birthplace of our great national poet."

"No," said the Englishman, "not national, but international."

"I do not understand," said the guide.

"Well," said the Englishman, "Schiller wrote Maid of Orleans for the French, Egmont for the Dutch, Mary Stuart for the English, and William Tell for the Swiss."

"And what did he write for the Germans?" asked the guide.

"The Robbers," said the Englishman.

Let the Whole World Know

I WILL have the whole world to know that none but Englishmen shall chastise an Englishman.

Robert Blake to the Spanish Inquisition

April 27, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

5

ONE APRIL DAY

Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, walking one April day in the lovely country round their Lakeland home, came upon a host of daffodils. We gave on this page the other day William's poem on this scene; here is what Dorothy wrote.

WHEN we were in the woods above Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close by the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore.

I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on the stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; the rest tossed and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew over the lake; they looked so gay and glancing, ever changing.

Dorothy Wordsworth

Sorrow Swept His Pride Away

MY heart was heavy, for its trust had been Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong; So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men, One summer Sabbath day I strolled among The green mounds of the village burial-place; Where, pondering how all human love and hate Find one sad level; and how, soon or late, Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face, And cold hands folded over a still heart, Pass the green threshold of our common grave Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart, Awed for myself, and pitying my race, Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave, Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave.

Whittier

The Ship of Thought and Beauty

THE books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading: every man that tries it finds it so. But a great book that comes from a great thinker—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth, with beauty too.

It sails the ocean, driven by the winds of heaven, breaking the level sea of life into beauty where it goes, leaving behind it a train of sparkling loveliness, widening as the ship goes on. And what treasures it brings to every land, scattering the seeds of truth, justice, love, and piety, to bless the world in ages yet to come.

Theodore Parker

WHY WERE THE SAINTS?

WHY were the saints saints? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, patient when it was difficult to be patient, pushed on when they wanted to stand still, kept silent when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable.

Found hanging in a church in Atlanta

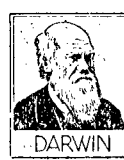
It Does Not Wait

THE blessed work of helping the world forward does not wait to be done by perfect men.

George Eliot



CARRY ON



Who Hurlest Dynasts From Their Thrones

This is the Song of the Pities in Thomas Hardy's Dynasts (published by Macmillan); the Pities are lauding Him

Whose eye all Nature owns,

Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones:

YEA, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,
Who shak'st the strong, who shield'st the frail,
Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
If tender mercy lacked in Thee!

Though times be when the mortal moan
Seems unascending to Thy throne,
Though seers do not as yet explain
Why suffering sobs to Thee in vain;

We hold that Thy unscented scope
Affords a food for final Hope,
That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's loom, to lull it by-and-by.

Therefore we quire to highest height
The Wellwiller, the kindly Might
That balances the Vast for weal,
That purges as by wounds to heal.

The systemed suns the skies to ensroll
Obey Thee in their rhythmic roll,
Ride radiantly at Thy command,
Are darkened by Thy Masterhand.

And these pale panting multitudes
Seen surging here, their moils, their moods,
All shall "fulfil their joy" in Thee,
In Thee abide eternally.

Exultant adoration give
The Alone, through whom all living live,
The Alone, in whom all dying die,
Whose means the End shall justify!

SAYING GRACE



One of our readers has suggested that this is a good time to be thankful for our meals, and to say so; and we gladly respond to the suggestion that we should give a few Graces.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored.
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

FOR what we are about to receive may
the Lord make us truly thankful.

FOR all the glory of the Way,
For Thy protection night and day,
For roof-tree, fire, and bed and board,
For friends, and home, we thank Thee,
Lord.

MAY God relieve the wants of others
and give us thankful hearts.

MAY the food we are about to receive
strengthen our bodies, and may
the Holy Spirit strengthen and refresh
our souls.

LORD, make us thankful for these and
all other mercies, through Jesus
Christ Our Lord.

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all.

FOR these and all Thy gifts, we give
Thee thanks.

THOU who hast given to us so much,
give us a grateful heart.

IF we have earned the right to eat
this bread
Happy indeed are we:
But if unmerited Thou giv'st it us,
May we more faithful be.

WE thank Thee, O Lord, for this food
and for all Thy love, through
Jesus Christ Our Lord.

THANK you for the world so sweet,
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you, God, for everything!

HEAVENLY Father, make us thankful
to Thee and mindful of others
as we receive these blessings.

LORD, satisfy Thou the wants of others,
and give us cheerful hearts.

THE Lord bless this food for our use
in His service, and help us to
remember the needs of others.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small;
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Thank Thee, Lord, for our share of
all the good things Thou hast made.

GOOD NEWS

THE Vancouver Sun, a Canadian newspaper, has been reminding its readers of some of the good things which do not usually get into the headlines. It told them, for example, that:

There are 48 nations in the world still at peace.

A large number of motorists drove safely and courteously through Vancouver streets one day.

Several million Canadians are working and drawing regular wages.

The mangel wurzel crop is a very good one this year.

A boy and a girl sat on a bench yesterday at lunch-time and lost track of the world as they looked into each other's eyes.

Lullaby of an Infant Chief

OH, hush thee, my baby! thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright:
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows!
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby! the time will soon come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling! take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

Sir Walter Scott

A Word For Dr Goebbels

FALSEHOOD is fire in stubble; it likewise turns all the light stuff around it into its own substance for a moment, one crackling, blazing moment, and then dies; and all its converts are scattered in the wind, without place or evidence of their existence, as viewless as the wind which scatters them.

Coleridge

SERENITY

A FACE which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction; sad hearts come to it as to the sun to warm themselves again.

Joseph Roux

Sayings From the Psalms

A LITTLE that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

The Ass and the Elephant

THE power of the labourer must be equal to the power required by his task, or his labour will conquer nothing. Set an ass to carry an elephant's burden and his back will be broken. The man of few brains cannot do the work of the man of many brains.

J. G. Holland

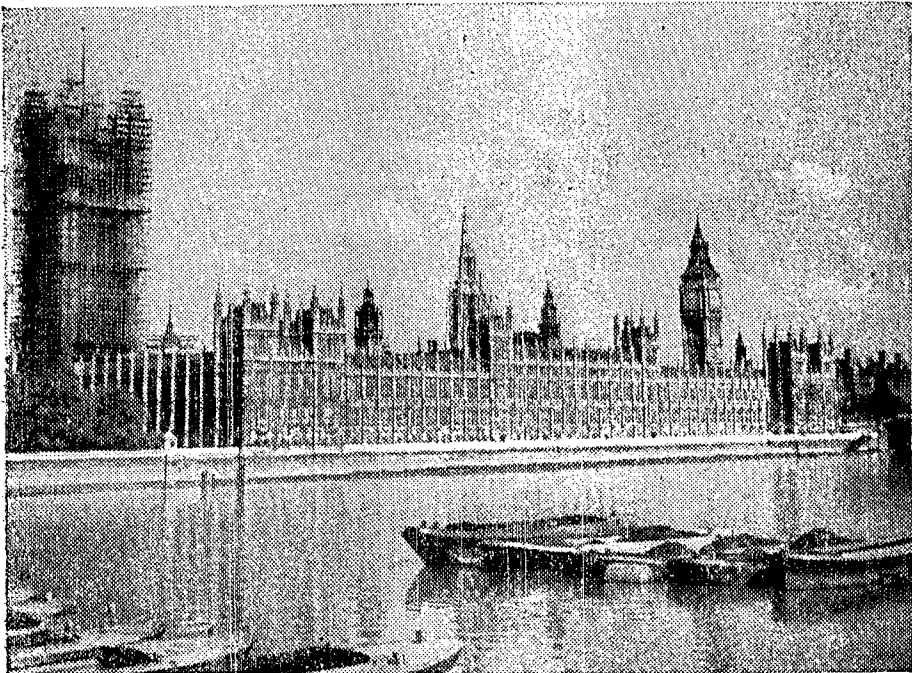
ALLAH AND THE BIRDS

ALLAH doth not bless the crops of the man who leaves nothing for the birds to eat.

Tartar saying

Two Great Days For Parliament

A JUBILEE AND A CENTENARY



Parliament has seen a Jubilee and a Centenary this month. The Jubilee is that of the Father of the House, Mr Lloyd George, who has been fifty years a member for the same constituency. The Centenary is of the Palace of Westminster itself. Mr Lloyd George has been in the House of Commons for half the life of the building and is the only man who can say so.

THE Mother of Parliaments is centuries old, but her house is barely a century young, for the foundation-stone was not laid until April 27, 1840. The old House had burned down.

What a century it has been for this Palace of Westminster! What stirring scenes have been enacted on this stage of history! What momentous judgments have been here pronounced! What dramatic clarion calls have echoed through these chambers!

A Thrilling Century

Never in our rough-Island story was a more thrilling century than the one these walls of Westminster have seen, but through all these stirring times Parliament has preserved its outward calm. Save for clever restoration which has preserved the exterior from crumbling, its fabric has been little changed. Come what may, it is likely to be the home of the Mother of Parliaments for many years, and it is worth while for us all to learn something of this famous building. Let us take a little tour of the Palace of Westminster.

When the Victorian Era began Parliament had no home, the old Houses having been burned down; but 97 architects sent in plans, and Sir Charles Barry's were accepted. The building took 17 years, for it covers eight acres and has 14 stately halls and galleries, 8 official residences, and more than 600 rooms. We should approach it, if possible, by the river, for it is a memorable experience; but if we cannot come by boat we can all cross Westminster Bridge and see the huge front of the palace as it stretches 940 feet above the unbroken line of the river wall. Then may we think with Wordsworth that

*Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:*

although the poet gazed on a very different Westminster from this.

These towers that dominate the skyline are more than stones or mortar: they are sentinels of the nation and symbols of government. At one end is the huge Victoria Tower, flying the Union Jack 400 feet up whenever Parliament is sitting; at the other end is the Clock Tower of Big Ben, rising 316 feet. Between them is the Central Tower, an elegant octagon, through which the ventilation system works. The top stone of this Central Tower has been replaced; the old one is on the Editor's hilltop in Kent. For the greater part of the building's existence everybody who has been to London has seen this stone, now in a little wood.

A Royal Cavalcade

The whole exterior of Parliament is richly sculptured with hosts of carved panels, figures of kings and queens in a rich stone cavalcade; lions, unicorns, and other heraldic beasts; national emblems, angels, saints. No fewer than 286 statues and sculptures adorn these outer walls. Within is even greater splendour, but we can only touch its fringe. The King's Robing Room has carvings and frescoes of Arthur and his Knights; the Royal Gallery has stained windows and gilded statues, paintings, and bronzes; the House of Lords has its canopied throne, its panelling, its painted roof, its 96 kings and queens portrayed in glass, and its historic pictures; St Stephen's Hall and Central Hall have rich windows, noble paintings, and sculptures. Westminster Hall, far older than the rest of the Palace, and the only part of the Palace which is scheduled as an ancient monument, has a noble roof by Richard the

Second's master carpenter, and its hallowed walls, witness of some of the most dramatic scenes in history, are Norman.

All these halls and gilded chambers proclaim a magnificence that matches well the pageantry of State, the pomp and circumstance of Government.

But, all the same, when plain men talk and think of Parliament their minds are turned towards the Commons. Here sits the Government of the People, so let us look to it more closely. Compared with the richness of the Lords the House of Commons is plain, but it is still a splendid chamber, with tiers of seats rising on each side of the Speaker's Chair, galleries all round, and (high up at the back) the seats from which ladies are allowed to peep. It has little colour except for the coats-of-arms on the front of the gallery, the stained glass windows, and the blazoned heraldry in the roof. It is lit by unseen lights and ventilated by an ingenious system admitting fresh air warmed below the floor; the air enters through perforated iron plates in the floor or through spaces left round the panels.

Its Majestic Walls

It is not old, this Palace of Westminster, but its majestic walls are the most familiar sight in London, and they are stately beyond compare in the capital. It is one of the things we must all be thankful for that they have been saved from destruction in our time. It was possible a few years ago to walk round the walls and pick up a handful of crumbled stone from them; today the stone is being renewed and there will be no more crumbling. There are sixty miles of scaffolding steelwork round the Great Tower which will not come down till the war is over, but we shall see our noble Parliament itself again when Peace comes home and Hitler is no more.

WHAT A SH

FOR

One Thousand

LORD WOOLTON, the Minister of Food, has given us the homely warning that a wasted slice of bread a day spells 30 cargoes of wheat a year.

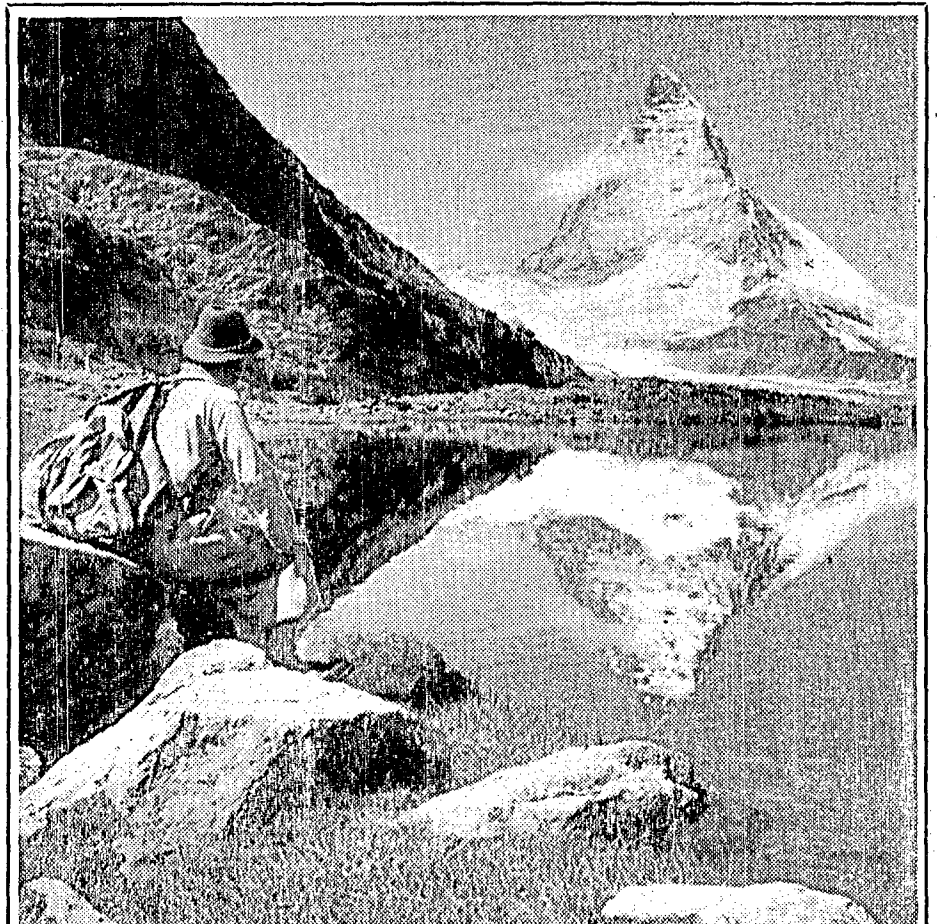
We eat and drink a good deal. It comes to 1000 pounds weight a head each year, most of it brought to us from overseas at the peril of men's lives. Grain and flour and meat are the bulk of it, with meat leading the way, and amounting, when live animals are added to its total, to close on 100 million tons a year. But it sinks into second place when the feeding stuffs for animals are added to the grain and flour, so that in the long run we may put Wheat as King. It comes to us from east, west, and south, from the United States, from Canada, the Argentine, and Australia. These all send us meat also.

Besides these foods, dairy produce, eggs, and butter come in to the amount of 50 million tons a year; fresh fruit and vegetables, for which we are now digging for victory, 37 million tons; cocoa and beverages 46 million tons; and other food 57 million tons. Add to this (not much to our credit) the 190 million pounds of tobacco which come to the nation's docks each year to go up in smoke.

All the World Supplies Us

Other things we must have and the ships must bring to sustain our industries, to clothe us and build our houses: cotton and wool and silk; timber and wood pulp for paper; hides for leather, oil seeds, and whale oil; rubber for many uses; and a hundred other raw materials. The total is 247 million tons, all to be brought in by ships.

And still we have not done, for if everything brought to us in a year, raw materials and manufactured goods, is added together the sum is over 1200 million tons.



A Mirror in Switzerland

A striking view of the Matterhorn with its reflection in a mountain lake. This mighty Swiss peak, 14,800 feet high, was first climbed in 1865 by Edward Whymper, the English mountaineer who was born a hundred years ago this week.

SHIP CARRIES YOU

Pounds a Year

Our own 10,000 British merchantmen could not carry it alone, even with the help of France's 1200 ships; and we have therefore to call in the ships of all the world, of the United States (counting 3300), of Japan, of Italy, and other neutrals. All the world supplies us.

To us the ships are always coming and from us always going. Every hour of day and night the 32,000 merchant ships of all nations are crossing and recrossing the Seven Seas. They make no long stay in port, but are in and out again as speedily as may be, because the merchantmen must be always on the move in order to make things pay.

Cargo For London Town

They are the universal carriers of the oceans, and are of every sort and size, from 1500 tons upwards. They have come from Australia or New Zealand or the Argentine with meat or wheat, from Japan or China with tea, from Malay or South America with rubber, from the South Atlantic with whale oil, from West Africa with oil seeds or coconuts or ivory, from Iceland with dried cod, from the West Indies with asphalt, from Central America with bananas, from Java and Sumatra with tapioca or spices.

In St Katharine's Dock by the Tower we may see the smaller ships of many nations, here today and gone tomorrow, carrying cargo from port to port, as Rudyard Kipling says:

*Coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back again,
Whether flow shall fail us or the trades drive down,
Plain sail—storm sail—lay your board and tack again,
And all to bring a cargo up to London Town.*

It is the ocean tramps on which the heaviest burden rests, the little cargo boats that sail the seas round. They are for our home and foreign trade, for, if we must import or starve, so also we must export or go bankrupt, and the toll they pay to the sea is counted in men's lives.

The merchantmen stand in front of their big brother the Navy, which protects and cares for them with all its power, knowing well, as all who sail the seas know, that their lives are as precious as its own. They are as precious to every one of us, and we are traitors to our common heritage if through any wantonness of waste on our part the life of one seaman is put in peril.

So, please, look to your waste. *Wasters are traitors.*

Russia's Great Talking Line

Communications have always been one of the chief problems for Russia, as it stretches across two continents.

As we have read in the CN, the Trans-Siberian Railway has been doubled in efficiency where it passes round the north of Manchukuo, and now comes the news that a new telegraph line has been set up from Moscow to Khabarovsk, the new town on the River Amur where the railway turns south for Vladivostok.

The new line is 5600 miles long, and has been carried across swamps and soil permanently frozen, big tracts of forest having been cleared for its passage. Not only will it enable many of the big towns of Siberia and the Far East to communicate directly with Moscow, but it will put them in touch with every city in the whole country. Seven telephone conversations and 19 duplex telegraphic messages can be carried at the same moment, while the line will also be used for the transmission of photographs and broadcasts.



A Window in Kent—Children Interested in the Stacks of Hop Poles at Lamberhurst

Faroes in the Care of the British Empire

By the German invasion of Denmark the Faroe Islands, which are Danish, have suddenly sprung into importance. They would, if occupied by armed forces that could hold them, serve as submarine, or air, bases. It may have been another of Hitler's ambitious schemes.

The islands, which are ordinarily visited twice a week by a steamer from Bergen, are not well known except to Scandinavians, but are populous and prosperous. There are 21 islands, 17 of them inhabited, but the principal ones, accommodating more than a few score of fishermen and farmers, number no more than five. Stromo is the biggest, with Thorshavn the capital, where there are nearly 2000 inhabitants. The population of the whole group is 25,000.

There is a whaling station, but the chief industries are fishing and sheepfarming. Dried cod from the Faroes is exported all over Europe. The sheep climb the steep farms like goats.

The aspect of the islands is wonderfully impressive. They are like immense fragments of black rock flung into the sea, and geologically they are part of a volcanic chain which once stretched from Iceland to Scotland. Some of these huge fragments have cliffs 2000 feet high with waterfalls pouring down into the dark fiords which separate one island from another. The fiords resemble those of Norway, except in being shorter and gloomier. The gloom is a consequence of the prevailing weather, for in one year the Faroes have 200 days of storm, generally relieved only by fogs.

The writer visited them in July and it was as light at midnight as an English midday. One of the islanders commented on the weather, "This is one of our seldom days," he said; "we have seven of them in the year."

Many of the houses in Thorshavn are thatched with turf, but it is a thriving little town with shops and a town hall; and nearly every house has a telephone and electric light. The Faroe Islanders are keen politicians, and on our visit we were required to sign a declaration that we would take no part in political controversy. Its main subject is whether the islands should owe allegiance to Norway or to Denmark. In either case they are safe from the invader of both these lands under the wing of the British Empire for a little while.

Last Man to Reach Rorke's Drift

ZULUS and white men live at peace today, but a letter we have received from Natal reminds us that it was not always so.

On the day after this paper appears (April 26) an old friend of the flag of freedom reaches his hundredth birthday and will be receiving a host of friends at his home in Dundee, Natal. It is nearly 70 years since he settled there and was married, and today he is living in the same house, Craigside, for which the town council has built an imposing stone entrance to celebrate his centenary.

Our centenarian is Mr Dugald Macphail, who was born at Inverary in Argyllshire, a farmer's son who found the farm too slow for him and sought adventure overseas. He sailed to Durban in 1864, drove an ox wagon over the Drakensberg Mountains at the time of the diamond rush, and joined

the army as lieutenant at the time when the Zulus were resenting the appearance of the white men. In 1878 he was at Isandhlwana when thousands of Zulu warriors cut a British force to pieces, and Dugald Macphail was the last of the few survivors out of 1600 to shoot his way out of the battle and reach sanctuary at Rorke's Drift.

It is all more than 60 years ago, but Mr Macphail remembers it well. Today he has taken to farming again, and does not find it dull as in his youth. When the call was made last year by General Smuts he was one of the first to enrol



Mr Dugald Macphail

his name for any service he could render to the King and country. A friend of the CN who called on him the other day found him alert and well, and pleased with a walking-stick the local Presbyterians had given him on his 90th birthday, for he is senior elder of their church. Mr Macphail looked at the stick ten years ago and wondered what he would do with it, telling the Presbyterians that he would put it aside till he was a little older. Now he is a hundred, and is probably walking about his garden with the friendly stick to help him. He walks into Dundee to do his shopping; and except for a little deafness has nothing wrong with him. He has been in an aeroplane but does not think much of it; if his soul is in the heavens he likes his feet upon the earth.

The CN sends its greetings to this veteran and wishes him a happy continuance of his long and wonderful life.

SEEING 350 MILES

Bob Bartlett's Arctic Mirage

An astonishing tale of an Arctic mirage was told at a meeting of the American Philosophical Society held in Philadelphia the other day. The meeting was to celebrate a Polar anniversary.

According to Bob Bartlett, master of the ship which took Admiral Peary on his voyage to the North Pole in 1909, mirages in the Arctic are as common as they are in the desert. Last summer, when he was in his famous ship *Morissey* halfway between Greenland and Iceland, he and his crew saw something which made them gasp with wonder. Looking towards Iceland they saw the snow-capped 7000-foot peak of *Snaefellsjokull* nearly 350 miles away! This is said to be the longest recorded distance over which the naked eye has ever seen an object on the earth's surface from ground level.

This phenomenon has been described by a professor of the University of Michigan as a *true* mirage. Layers of hot air over layers of cold in the atmosphere distorted the light rays, he explained, so that instead of travelling in a straight line they travelled in a curve. Persons within the limited area at which the rays again came in contact with the earth's surface were able to see objects below the horizon, these objects appearing to be only a fraction of their actual distance away.

The Policeman in a Sinking Ship

Inspector Marsden of the Straits Settlements Police thoroughly deserves the holiday he is now having in Sydney with his wife and baby.

Not long ago Mr Marsden, who was once a London policeman, received the King's Police Medal for his bravery during the Sirdhana disaster off Singapore. He was in charge of 139 Chinese convicts who were being deported from the Straits Settlements to China on board the *Sirdhana*.

The liner had not been at sea very long when it was accidentally mined. Minutes were precious. Mr Marsden raced below, but to his horror found that he had no key to the steel grille imprisoning the convicts. With great presence of mind he burst open the lock with his revolver and forced the door open. The ship was sinking rapidly, and as the water rose he had all he could do to keep his prisoners from becoming panic-stricken. He made them file out in an orderly fashion.

The water rose so high that he could not tell whether anyone was left inside the quarters or not, and then he did one of the bravest things imaginable. Although he knew that the liner was about to take its final plunge, he dived into the water and felt round the floor for unconscious Chinese. Finding none, he hurried on deck and saw that all his charges were rescued.

The Owl Among the Lumberjacks

The owl that has been terrorising lumberjacks in northern Quebec is still as fierce-looking as ever. It still gazes wildly on all who approach it, but now it has a glassy stare, for it is stuffed.

For several weeks this Virginia horned owl, the biggest species in the province, was responsible for a reign of terror at Boudreault's camp. It would appear at dusk and swoop down on the lumberjacks, stealing their hats and trying to scratch their eyes. At least forty men had terrifying encounters with it. When the savage bird was finally caught in a beaver trap it was found to weigh four pounds, with a wingspread of four feet eight inches and standing 22 inches high.

Kindness is Carrying On CHILDREN'S NETWORK OF GOODWILL ACROSS THE EARTH

WHILE the daily papers are recording horror after horror in the East and the West, it is good to pick up the little news bulletin issued by the Junior Red Cross in Geneva and learn what is going on internationally among children. By their small hands a network of friendly deeds is being woven across the face of the globe that, frail as it is, may yet serve to silence the guns of destruction.

The C.N. rejoices to pass on the glad tidings that while the grown-up world is engaged in deeds of terror, the hearts of children have not yet been warped by hate, and in land after land they are expressing their sense of the brotherhood of man. We have space for only a few examples, but they awaken new hope in our hearts.

SCHOOLCHILDREN in Japan, troubled by the conditions under which Chinese children have to live while Japanese armies ravage their land, are collecting note-books, pencils, brushes, and other school materials and sending them by thousands to their unseen friends.

Native children in New Zealand are also stirred by the hard fate of the Chinese. The 26 pupils of the Te Mahia Native School have collected £2 toward the adoption of a Chinese boy.

Travel almost as far as you can from New Zealand—to Norway, and here again we find that the children of Kristiansand were a month or two ago working hard to help China. They made an immense number of bandages.

The children of Norway and Sweden naturally felt the sufferings of the Finnish refugee children almost as if they were their own, and worked intensively all winter to help them. The Scouts and Guides of Norway have organised the collection of clothes for Finnish children. The Swedish Broadcasting Company made an appeal among

Swedish children for their stricken neighbours and received 135,000 kroner.

This was an impressive sum, but not so impressive as the thousand small ways the young people found to send more personal help. Seven girls at Ljusnefall made 56 kroner at a sale. This, they decided, was too small a sum for the central fund, so they bought wool with it and knitted socks and gloves to send abroad.

While the plight of the Finns occupied the headlines, the refugees from Poland have had to pull through the winter as best they could in the various countries to which they were lucky enough to escape. Swiss children have been specially generous in the help they sent these poor people. To a trainload of supplies sent out to them the children of Geneva contributed a fine stock of dresses and suits, coats, caps and hats, shoes and stockings, woollies and baby clothes. Children in Sweden also sent clothing through the Polish Legation.

Hungarian girls made quantities of plum jam last autumn, when ripe plums were plentiful, and this they have sent to the refugee camps. How good it must taste!

But the little tale we like best of all comes from Riga, Latvia, where Junior Red Cross members have made a point of finding all the Polish refugee children in the town and going to see them, taking gifts like soap or handkerchiefs or fruit.

When this tragic war fever has passed, the world, we feel, will pull itself together and move forward more sensibly, for the heart of mankind is still sound. The deeds of these children prove it; and they are but samples picked at random of widespread activity going on in hundreds of thousands of places in many lands.

A MOTHER'S JOURNEY IN THE OUTBACK

It will be a long time before the people of Queensland cease talking about the epic journey made by Mrs John Wright of Mount Oxide.

The other day Mrs Wright and her son Johnny were left alone on their cattle station while her husband and daughter went to get supplies at Dobbyn, 84 miles away. The six-year-old child woke up the next morning feeling very sick, and the distracted mother realised that he was stricken with appendicitis, and that somehow or other she would have to get him to Dobbyn, the nearest rail and telephone centre.

The country was flooded, but the plucky woman saddled a horse, packed up food, wrapped the moaning child in a blanket, and, supporting him in front of her, set out in the blinding rain. All day long she kept going, crossing flooded rivers, and at night she found a little cave to shelter in. The second day it was still raining heavily when she reached Gunpowder Creek, where she spent the night at a deserted homestead.

By this time the little lad was unconscious with pain, and when morning came Mrs Wright did not know how they were going to get across the creek, which was higher than she had ever seen it. As she could not find a ford she swam the horse across.

By nightfall they had reached the worst part of the journey. Surprise Creek, and there they had to spend the night huddled under a gum tree. Mrs Wright is still vague as to how she got across the creek; it must have been a terrible experience, hanging on to Johnny and keeping the horse up as they plunged through the raging torrent.

At last, on the fourth day, the heroic mother and her exhausted mount arrived at Dobbyn after a nightmare ride practically without sleep. Johnny was taken by train to hospital at Cloncurry, where he is recovering, while in 12 hours little Mrs Wright was in the saddle again riding home with her husband! Of such heroic stuff are the women of the outback made.

The Herbs of the Field

AFTER the hard winter come days when green vegetables are hard to obtain, and lettuces are marketed at ninepence apiece!

This shortage of green food has led Sir Stephen Tallents to remind us that dandelions and nettles (young ones) are edible. He says that he has tried them cooked, and prefers them to spinach.

This is how nettle soup is made, according to Sir Stephen:

"While my cook was wearing an old pair of gloves to protect her from being stung I gave her a handful of nettles.

These she dropped into boiling water and continued to boil them until they were quite tender, and then passed them through a hair sieve. Mixed with stock, a raw onion was added, and flour or cornflour to thicken. With little milk or cream we had this soup last Sunday, and I never tasted, in the vegetable line, anything better."

Dandelion leaves, it is said, make an excellent salad when mixed with bananas. Smith Minor tells us that he prefers his banana salad mixed with oranges!

GREATER AFRICA

General Smuts Looks Forward

Even as the world seems breaking to pieces men are thinking of drawing it nearer together. We have the United States of America; we are all thinking of the Anglo-French Federation as the beginning of the United States of Europe; and now General Smuts brings a little nearer the day when Africa itself will have a continental consciousness and on the maps may be marked the Greater Africa.

Addressing a great gathering at Johannesburg, General Smuts expressed an ideal for Africa similar to that already taking shape throughout America, and that foreshadowed for Europe.

The great South African's conception of the Africa which is to be is not entirely new, though his advocacy will do much to bring its realisation nearer. The chief contribution of Cecil Rhodes to the world was his broad vision of Africa. Rhodes alone in his day seems to have realised the oneness of the continent, planning for it a railway from Cairo to the Cape so as to form a backbone on which African unity might be built.

The African Idea

Brushing aside as Utopias any immediate plans for a United States of Africa or a Monroe Doctrine, General Smuts insisted that there were certain practical measures which could be taken forthwith in the general interest of what he called the African Idea. The Union, he declared, could only realise its true destiny, even within its own borders, by keeping a Greater Africa point of view clearly before it.

Practicable matters demanding serious consideration were, he said, the opening up of communications, the establishment of contacts, the promotion of trade and commerce, collaboration in shaping the general lines of policy, and the development of common economic interests. In short, said General Smuts, the African Idea should become a practical force shaping the destiny of the continent.

A glance at the map of Africa as it appears in our grandfather's atlas, and then a glance at a modern map, will reveal how amazing has been the development of Africa in one lifetime. The missionary, the colonist, the engineer, and the airman have completely transformed a continent which for centuries bore the truly appropriate name of the Dark Continent.

Happier Homelands

In South Africa Dutch and British have joined hands in developing a State which is in the front rank of all the world States, while the great countries which bear the name of Cecil Rhodes have achieved amazing prosperity. Northward Tanganyika, Uganda, and Kenya are colonies rich in possibilities, while the Sudan is free from the troubles that long hindered its development. In West Africa science has suppressed the diseases due to a torrid climate and the Gold Coast and Nigeria have become happier homelands for both white and black men alike.

General Smuts, of course, was not thinking only of British territories. He was thinking of those Portuguese countries of Angola and Mozambique which an enlightened Portugal has fostered considerably in the last few years; of the Belgian Congo, now most humanely administered and with vast resources; and of the vast colonial possessions of France, whose inhabitants are so loyal to her.

All these territories, with an independent Egypt and Italy's more recent acquisitions, make up the African Idea, and we may well see a beginning with the countries lying south of the Equator.

CN STRIP

THE DESERT PATROL



A Squadron of Egypt's Camel Corps on patrol in the desert

The Burning Human Spirit Goes to War

It has been asked whether artists and actors who can entertain great numbers of people should go to the war, and we remember the question arising in the last war, when one artist answered the appeal by saying, "I am the Civilisation you are fighting for."

On the one hand it is urged that, their numbers being so small, their presence at the Front could make little contribution to results, while at home they might render valuable service in keeping up our spirits. To this it is answered that there is no cause more urgent or peremptory, no call nobler, than that which bids a man take arms and march to the defence of his country and the ideals of humanity.

It is a fact that war has in all ages enlisted genius of the very highest order, that men whose fame lives for ever exposed their lives for what to them seemed right and just.

Aeschylus, the creator of the tragic drama, won undying fame as a soldier at the battle of Marathon; Sophocles, who followed him, was not only a dramatist of deathless fame but a General with Pericles in the Athenian army. Socrates distinguished himself in three campaigns by splendid valour and endurance of cold, heat, and privation. Thucydides, the first and greatest of critical historians, owed no small part of his incomparable knowledge of war to the fact that he fought in it.

There we have four soldiers who have put immortal works into the world's greatest literature. Dante left Europe the richest literary heritage accruing to her between classical and medieval days, but he left also an enduring example of courage and ardour, displayed on a fierce battlefield for quarrels now forgotten.

Our own Ben Jonson won fame as an audaciously gallant soldier in the Low Countries before the world heard of him as poet or dramatist. Sir Philip Sidney, born a poet, died a saintly soldier. Cervantes, over whose Don Quixote the whole civilised world has laughed for 300 years, was a soldier whose martial ardour cost him a hand, and five years of slavery.

The Great War claimed among our million dead many a gallant spirit, bright and valorous as Rupert Brooke, who had sung his last song and gone to his rest in sunny Skyros before he was 28; but those who fell died where they wished to be, surrendering all for a cause dearer to them than life.

Nowhere does the flame of patriotism and uncalculating chivalry burn with more ardent flame than in the heart and mind kindled with the glow of genius, and forth to the conflict the man so inspired will go, unurged, no matter how vehement the pleas of those who, from love or admiration, seek to hold him back. To him it is the Great Crusade, honour and life itself.

A PICTURE MAP OF ENGLAND

We have been looking at a map worthy of a prominent place on the wall of any schoolroom or any Scout or Guide headquarters—the Historical Map of England and Wales which the famous Edinburgh map-makers, John Bartholomew & Son, have just issued at 2s 6d.

The map has been drawn by Mr L. G. Bullock, and is a gay scene with its heraldic border of the arms of over 100 towns. In their appropriate places are sketches of historic events such as Boadicea attacking Colchester, the Battle of Hastings, and Drake playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe. Sailing the seas are the Mayflower, a Viking ship, a Spanish galleon, and a Liverpool clipper. Characteristic emblems mark cathedrals and abbeys, castles and battlefields, seaports and holiday centres, and the main trunk roads show clearly how the traveller can reach them all.

It is one of the best school maps of the best little country in the world.

The Birds Are Coming Back

DAY by day our bird population increases. The migrants are trooping back to us in myriads after their winter abroad.

They left us in the sunshine of early autumn; they return in the sunshine of spring, and there is probably nothing to hint to them that between their going and coming this land of their birth has lain in the grip of a winter as harsh and scourging as the Arctic.

They are our own children, these fly-aways now coming home again with their songs; here is their nursery; the tropics are only their winter holiday quarters. They do not lay eggs there, they may not nest, but merely perch and roost in the trees and shrubs amid which they pass the balmy nights of their season's holiday.

Although in the quest for food for their ever-hungry nestlings they approach us

with confidence, so that we come to distinguish them and learn their haunts and habits, their lives are apart from ours. It means nothing to them that they have come back to a land at war. Larks sang ecstatically over Verdun when the strife was at its deadliest, and birds nested near the trenches.

Human strife is meaningless and imperceptible to birds. To them our land is theirs, and we but trespassers. Their ancestors have seen the rise of man from the caves, and they themselves now see his descendants revert to the cave.

They were here when the earliest Britons arrived, they kept company with the Romans here, and saw the Saxons and the Normans, and the processions of refugees from many lands. Birds were here before the English race began; and to them it always has been their home, not ours.

ROSY MOUNTAIN'S SECRET

One of the loveliest names in the Alps is given to the second greatest height in the range, Monte Rosa, which means Rosy Mountain.

When we see the summit with the sun setting on it the poetic appropriateness of the name becomes manifest. The snow on its brow becomes suffused with the loveliest shades of rose and gold and all the tender hues of the rainbow; a rosy mountain it truly is then.

Such beauty and splendour seem suggestive of a heart more rich and wonderful than dull rock, and news comes that in workings on the Italian side of the mountain gold has now been discovered.

The amount so far obtained is less than four ounces, but, say they, where even that small quantity can be found more remains for the seeking. If ever a mountain should have a heart of gold, surely it is the magnificent queen of the Alps—Monte Rosa.

In the Country Now—New Life in Field, Wood, and Hedgerow

ONE of the most fascinating creatures to look out for now is the common red squirrel, whose impudence and quaint antics remind us of the monkey. He is usually seen skipping from branch to branch, with his bushy tail spread out behind; but when he sits eating, the tail rests on his back. He is not quite so simple and innocent as he looks, for squirrels sometimes rob birds' nests of their eggs.

The attractive little animals are now looking for a suitable place in which to build a nest. They will probably choose the fork of a tree; and the nest will be a really dainty arrangement of moss, leaves, and grass.

The young of the common garden snail may now be seen in the garden and hedgerows. The shell is duller and much less beautiful than that of the banded snail. It is very prolific, and lays as many as a hundred eggs; and when we see the havoc it causes among our tender



The Red Squirrel

plants we shall not be surprised to know that it has 135 rows of 105 teeth each, or 14,175 altogether.

Early specimens of the green-veined butterfly may be looked for on the edge

of the wood and in lanes. It is easily distinguished by its size from the small cabbage white, being smaller, and by the underside of the hind wings, which are pale yellow with dusky greenish veins, while those of the small white are yellow, dusted with black.

The black, hairy caterpillar of the drinker moth, embroidered with white and tufted with gold, should be seen but not touched, for its irritating hairs often set up a nasty rash on tender fingers.

The flesh fly is now getting on the wing; and is interesting from the fact that it does not lay eggs, but deposits its young alive by the thousand on meat and carcasses. At such an astonishing rate does it do this that Linnaeus once said that three of these flies could eat up an ox as fast as a lion could.

Among the birds the missel thrush and the moorhen have now probably hatched their young; the little hedge sparrows should be fledged; and the

kestrel, linnet, and peewit, or lapwing, will have laid their eggs. The jackdaw has made her nest in a tree or a hole in a ruin or cliff, and laid her eggs, four to six in number. They are pale bluish green, spotted with olive, brown, or grey.

It is worth while now to search the woods and hedgebanks for that tasty fungus the common morel, which is delicious fried with bacon. It is easily identified by its conical brown cap, deeply pitted like a bee's comb, and its white stem.

The black poplar, dogwood, and beech are now leafing, and the birch is coming into blossom; while the mouse-eared chickweed, common buttercup, wood crowfoot, water crowfoot, henbit nettle, and jack-by-the-hedge, or sauce-alone, are in bloom. The wild hyacinth, or bluebell, not to be confused with the bluebell of Scotland, which is the wild harebell, is getting more abundant in the woods.

GALILEO'S TELESCOPE Used After 300 Years

Dr Ellery Hale, the American astronomer who founded the Mount Wilson Observatory under the clear skies of California, has an interesting story to tell in a new book which describes the world's biggest telescope and is entitled the Glass Giant of Palomar.

Some years ago Dr Hale and his friend Mr James Breasted went to Florence, where Galileo's telescope, the first used in astronomy, is treasured in the museum. Greatly daring, they obtained permission to use it, and when night came, with Jupiter high in the heavens, they turned the ancient telescope, on the planet, even as Galileo, himself had done, and shared with the dead scientist the excitement of seeing Jupiter's four moons through the telescope he himself had fashioned. Dr Hale tells us how he turned away and lowered his head after thus seeing the satellites. "We should feel very humble, Jim," he said to his friend.

It was in 1610 that Galileo first reported the moons of Jupiter, the curious appearance of the rings of Saturn, and the astonishing spots on the sun. It was in 1632 that, having published his conclusions in a book, he was summoned to Rome and compelled to recant the doctrine that the earth moved round the sun, as originally proclaimed by Copernicus.

Your Old CN

The Editor is grateful to the large number of readers who offer to send their old CN to the school at Fiji; but as this school is now abundantly supplied he would be grateful if these readers would consult the Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S E 11, who will be glad to supply addresses where their copies will be warmly welcomed.

Edwin Markham Stories

It was Edwin Markham's dearest wish that he might be able to write a short poem which would "disperse the armies of the world." He wrote many poems of power but none so powerful as that. Even Shakespeare could not scatter the might of massed armies.

Now that Edwin Markham has joined the great immortals a friend has been collecting stories of him, and we take these from the collection.

HE was fond of telling how he one day entered a schoolroom and was delighted to see the American flag on the wall. Thinking it would be a fine text for his talk he asked the children, "Why do you have this flag on the wall of your room? Up shot the hand of a little girl. 'To cover the hole in the plastering,'" she said.

MARKHAM was always good company at table, and the story is told that somebody asked him in a conversation after dinner what his idea of Hell was.

The poet reflected for a moment and then answered, "A bad man in the company of good people."

HE once went to speak at a Methodist chapel, and the young minister had apparently more enthusiasm than judgment, for he rose to say, "I am about to introduce not only the dean of American poets but also the greatest of our poets. I predict that posterity will rank him with Shakespeare." Edwin Markham rose and, with a twinkle in his eyes, observed dryly, "I want to thank the young man for his compliments, and to say that he is promising."

BUT the best of all the Markham stories is that he would tell of his own boyhood. It is a strange tale, and true.

Becoming tired of what seemed to him to be a humdrum life, he decided to run away from home. Mounting his little buckskin bronco, he took to the hills to see the world. At that time he was a little past 16 and had a boy's keen zest for an outdoor life. He camped in the

woods, slept in caves, and enjoyed the wild free life.

One evening he met a band of rough men led by a giant called Bart. They told him to "come along," and he soon found that he was a prisoner of Black Bart, one of California's most famous bandits. Bart took a liking to this fine-looking youth, and tried to persuade him to join the bandits.

One evening as they were sitting by the camp fire Bart asked Markham what he would like to do in life if he had the choice and Markham told him that the thing he most desired was an opportunity to get an education. Black Bart pretended to regard this ambition as a joke, but a few days later told the boy he was free to go home. He felt ashamed to return to his mother, and was about to take a job on a ranch when his mother appeared, after having trailed him for months in an old buckboard. She persuaded him to return home.

Digging in the garden one day a few weeks later he turned over a stone which apparently had been recently placed in such a position that it might attract attention. Something was under the stone. Examination showed a rusty tin can in which was a canvas bag. As he picked it up something fell out. It was a 20-dollar gold piece. The bag was full of gold coin. Trembling with excitement, he began to count, and found that there were 900 dollars. This opened the gateway to an education.

"I never knew," said Markham, "the real source of this wealth, but I always think that Black Bart planted it there."

Still a Million Idle People

Despite the enormous conscription of young men for the fighting forces we have still over a million unemployed on the register. The number of men alone was 742,000 at the March count.

We could have no clearer exposition of the effect of war on ordinary trade and industry. War trades, of course, are flourishing, but peace trades, including some of the most useful, are still in the doldrums. From now on we may expect improvement, as the Army grows, but it is an improvement of the sort that may mean gigantic unemployment when the war ends.

Further efforts are being made to divert labour to war industries. Every step of this kind serves the immediate war purpose; every step so taken makes for dislocation and idleness, temporary we trust, when peace comes.

The Sewer Wave

Honour has recently been paid to Dr Frank Conrad, who was the pioneer of the employment of short wireless waves for broadcasting and wireless communication generally. In acknowledging the presentation of the medal he recalled that 20 years ago a brother electrician spoke to him of "sewer waves," and when asked what he meant replied that they were the waves of less than 200 metres which were of so little use that they might as well go down the sewer.

But these sewer waves are now becoming the waves of the future in broadcasting. All point-to-point radio communications, and most international broadcasting, is conducted in the short-wave area. England is linked to the Empire by short-wave relays; and the short wave will eventually relieve the long wave band area which is reaching saturation point. The future of television is bound up with the short wave. It is a great achievement for the despised "sewer waves," and has all come about in less than eight years.

ALL LIFE IS FILLED WITH WONDER

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. You told me that I was right to wonder. I find that I wonder more and more.

Man. And what is your latest wonder?

Boy. May I put it as a question? I hope you won't think it silly. Why have we all got five fingers on each hand? Why should every child be born with five? Why should there be no people with four, or six, or even ten?

Man. You have hit on a searching question that goes far. If a six-fingered boy came to your school it would be thought a marvel. All the boys would flock round to see and touch the six fingers. There would be paragraphs in the papers about it, with photographs of the wonderful six-fingered child. He would be as popular as the Canadian Quins.

Boy. Yes, and perhaps he would be able to bowl a cricket ball better, for the sixth finger might give him an extra grip to spin it with.

Man. So the sixth finger would be regarded as a miracle. Yet the real miracle is that we are all five-fingered! If we could understand precisely why we should pierce many secrets. So, again, you were right to wonder. There is no such thing as a commonplace object. The real miracles of life are the common things. The real wonder about an elephant is that it is never born without a trunk. The real wonder about a nightingale is that every nightingale sings like a nightingale and not like a thrush. It is just as wonderful that every insect has six legs as that every human being has five fingers. There lies the true wonder—that species should exist, and that every member of the species should have the same form and attributes.

Boy. We are so accustomed to things that we think it ordinary that they should be as they are. Is that what you mean?

Man. Yes. The unthinking mind passes by the things it is used to, and calls them commonplace, obvious, ordinary. The thinking mind challenges the ordinary and sees it for what it is, an astonishing mystery to be explained, a deep secret to be discovered, a true marvel to admire. Look at your hands. How beautiful they are! How generally like the hands of all the human race; yet how, in particular, like the hands of your father, or perhaps those of your mother.

Boy. Then actually no one knows either why the human race is five-fingered or why we may be sure that the next generation will be five-fingered as we are.

Man. You are right. We know that it is so, that like succeeds like, but we do not know why.

A bird, a flower, knows all that science can tell of how its lovely attributes are led, Of how its kind sleeps hid within a cell, Of why its characters are inherited. Why is each chaffinch bold, each goldfinch shy, Each robin friendly? Echo answers, Why?

A Bone From the Clouds

A lighthouse-keeper off the coast wrote to an R A F squadron saying that he had a dog companion, and that he liked bones.

The pilots have responded by dropping juicy knuckle bones and other titbits on an open space in the island with such regularity that the dog is quite prepared for them as soon as he hears a plane. He barks excitedly, rushes across the tiny island, and often pounces on the bones before they have stopped rolling.

TWO FAMILY CARD GAMES THAT ARE DIFFERENT!



MAIN LINE is an exciting and unusual card game that will make any party go. Every boy and girl—and grown-ups, too—will enjoy making up a railway system of cards, using ingenuity and skill in constructing, altering and closing main and branch lines in a great race for victory! Any number of players from two to ten can take part.



Main Line

"We," "Are," "War," "Ware"! It's amazing the number of words that can be spelt from a few letters—as you'll find in SPELLING BEE, a game of quick thinking and tremendous excitement. It's a fine spelling test, and the more words you spot and the more letters you can use the more likely you are to win!



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April 27, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

II

PINOCCHIO

The Tale of a Wooden Puppet

Last week we gave the first instalment of an English version of the old Italian story on which Walt Disney has based his film of Pinocchio.

Old Joe, otherwise known as Yellowhead because he wore a yellow wig, carved a puppet from a piece of wood which had the power of talking. He called the puppet Pinocchio. While Joe was teaching the puppet to walk Pinocchio ran out of the house, and his appearance caused such a disturbance that poor Joe was taken off to prison. Meanwhile Pinocchio ran off home, and soon after he arrived he was astonished to hear a voice in the room.

"Who is calling me?" said Pinocchio, in a great fright.

"It is I," Pinocchio turned round and caught sight of a huge cricket that was slowly ascending the wall.

Pinocchio Begins to Get Hungry

"I SAY, cricket, who are you?" asked Pinocchio.

"I am the talking cricket, and I have lived in this room for over a hundred years."

"Anyhow, this room is mine now," said the puppet, "and if you want to do me a favour, go away at once."

"I shall not quit this spot," replied the cricket, "without first telling you a great truth."

"Tell it, then, and be quick."

"Let those children beware who disobey their parents and wilfully run away from home. They will come to no good in this world, and sooner or later they will bitterly repent."

"Sing away, old cricket, as much as you like. All I know is that I want to get away from here at dawn tomorrow, for if I stay here the same thing will happen to me that happens to all children: I shall be packed off to school."

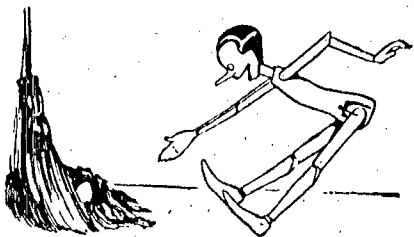
"Poor little stupid! Don't you know that if you go on like that you will grow into a donkey, and everyone will make fun of you? My poor Pinocchio, you are really to be pitied!"

"Why am I to be pitied?"

"Because you are a puppet, and, what is worse, you have a wooden head!"

Stung into fury by these last words, Pinocchio sprang up, and, catching hold of a wooden mallet lying near by on a bench, he flung it at the talking cricket.

In all probability he never dreamt of hitting it, but, unluckily, the blow caught



It was really and truly an egg

it right on the head, so that the cricket scarcely had the breath to "Cri, cri, cri!" before he died up and stuck to the wall.

By then it was beginning to get dark, and Pinocchio, remembering he had eaten nothing, had a strange feeling inside which was very like appetite.

But a boy's appetite takes rapid strides, and in a few moments the appetite became a ravenous hunger. Poor Pinocchio rushed to the fireplace, where the large pot was boiling, and was going to uncover it to see what was inside. But, as we already know, the pot was painted on the wall!

Then he began running about the room, fumbling among drawers and cupboards in search of a bit of food.

But he found nothing—absolutely nothing.

After yawning again and again he began to feel that his stomach was running away from him, and altogether he felt so miserable that he burst out crying.

"The talking cricket was right," he sobbed. "It was awfully wicked of me to turn against my daddy and to run away from home. If only dear old Daddy were

here now I should not be left to die of yawning. Oh, what a dreadful disease hunger is!"

All of a sudden he thought he saw something round and white that looked very like an egg on the top of a pile of sweepings. With a spring he was at the pile in less than no time. It was really and truly an egg.

It is impossible to describe the puppet's joy. He turned the egg over and over in his hand, touched it and kissed it, and in the midst of kissing it he said:

"And now, how shall I set about cooking it? The quickest way is, to fry it."

No sooner said than done. He put the frying-pan on a little pot full of hot coals, and, instead of butter, he poured in a little water, and when the water began to boil he cracked the eggshell and made as if to drop the egg in. But, instead of the white and yolk of the egg, a sprightly little chicken hopped out, and, making a low bow, said:

"Ever so many thanks, Mr Pinocchio, for sparing me the trouble of breaking



"Where's your coat, Daddy?" asked Pinocchio

my shell. Goodbye! Enjoy yourself, and love to all at home!" And, slipping through the open window, the bird flew away out of sight.

The poor puppet stood rooted to the spot, with staring eyes and gaping mouth, and with the two halves of the eggshell in his hand.

Having got over his first astonishment, he started crying, and sobbed out: "If I hadn't run away from home, and if only my daddy were here, I should not have to die of hunger now."

As he began to get more and more hungry, he thought of going out in the hope of finding some charitable person who would give him a crust of bread.

It happened to be a wretched night, with thunder and lightning; the heavens seemed on fire, and a cold, tearing wind whistled among the trees.

Pinocchio was terribly frightened of thunder and lightning; but hunger was stronger than fear, so he pushed the door open and rushed out. He soon arrived at the village, his breath coming hard like a hound's.

But all was dark and deserted; the shops were shut, the windows were shut, and not a cat was to be seen. It was like the land of the dead.

Then Pinocchio, overcome by despair and hunger, seized a door-bell, and kept on ringing without stopping, saying to himself, "Someone is sure to appear."

And, sure enough, someone did appear—an old man in a nightcap, who called out in an angry voice, "What do you want at this time of night?"

"Will you be kind enough to give me a bit of bread?"

"Wait a moment, till I return," answered the old fellow, thinking he had to deal with one of those ragamuffins who amuse themselves of a night ringing house-bells to annoy honest folk.

Half a moment later the window opened again, and Pinocchio felt a canful of water pour down on him, so that he was soaked from head to foot.

Pinocchio Has a Meal

He returned home as wet as a chicken, and done up with fatigue and hunger. Not having the strength to stand upright, he sat down, leaning his wet, muddy feet upon the little pan of hot coals.

And thus he fell asleep; and, as he slept, his feet, which were only made of wood, took fire, and slowly burnt to ashes.

At daybreak he was awakened by someone knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"It's I!" replied a voice.

And the voice was the voice of Master Joe.

Poor Pinocchio, whose eyes were still very sleepy, had not yet noticed that his feet were burnt; and scarcely had he heard his father's voice than he slipped down from his chair to run and unbolt the door.

After two or three stumbles he fell at full length on the floor.

"Open!" cried Joe from the street.

"But, Daddy, I can't!" answered the puppet, crying and rolling about on the ground.

"Why can't you?"

"Because my feet have been eaten!"

Joe, believing that all this was just another of the puppet's pranks, clambered up the wall and got in through the window.

His first impulse was to give Pinocchio a good scolding, but when he saw the poor puppet lying stretched out on the ground really footless his heart softened, and, catching him up in his arms, he began hugging him, and, with big tears rolling down his cheeks, he sobbed out: "My poor little Pinocchio! However did your feet get burnt?"

"I don't know, Daddy," said the puppet. And then he told his adventures.

Joe, who had been able to make out only one thing in all the muddled discourse—namely, that the puppet was dying of hunger—took three pears out of his pocket, and, handing them to Pinocchio, said:

"These three pears were for my breakfast, but I give them to you willingly."

Pinocchio Receives a Book

AFTER the adventure in which his wooden feet were burnt off while he was asleep, the puppet began grumbling because he wanted a new pair of feet. But Joe, as a punishment for his pranks, let him cry all the morning; then he said:

"You want to run away from home a second time, I suppose?"

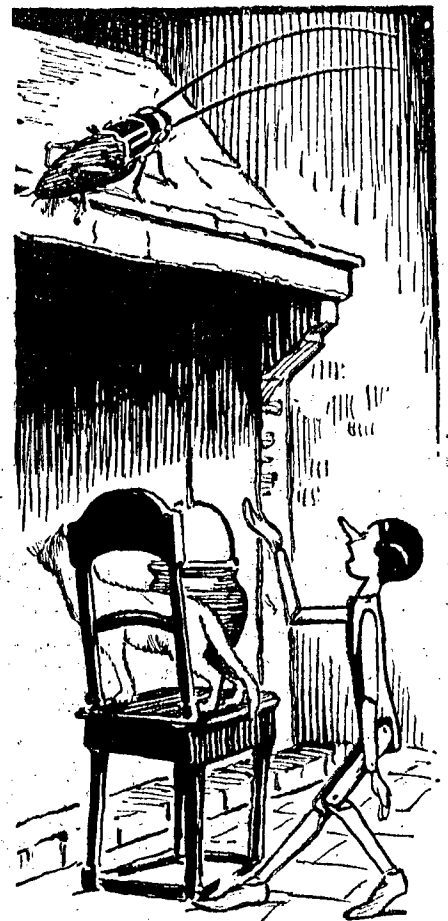
"I promise you," sobbed out the puppet, "that in future I'll be good. I'll go to school and work hard."

"All children say that when they want something very much indeed."

"But I am not like other children. I promise I'll learn a trade, and be the support of your old age."

Joe, whose eyes, in spite of his efforts to look stern, were full of tears, said nothing, but took down his tools and two little pieces of well-seasoned wood, and set to work in earnest.

In less than an hour the feet were ready. And Joe stuck them on so well that the join could not be seen.



"I say, cricket, who are you?"

No sooner had the puppet discovered that he possessed feet than he sprang down from the table, where he had been lying at full length, and began cutting capers and turning somersaults, as if he had gone mad.

"To reward you for all you have done for me," he said to old Joe, "I am ready to go to school at once. But I shall want some clothes."

Joe, who was so poor that he had not a farthing in his pocket, made the puppet a suit of coloured wallpaper, a pair of shoes of bark, and a cap from a little piece of bread.

Pinocchio ran to look at himself in a can of water, and was so pleased that he said: "I look just like a gentleman."

"You are right," replied Joe.

"But," added the puppet, "I need something else."

"What is that?"

"A book with the A B C in it."

"You are right again, my little puppet. But how are we to get one?"

"That's quite easy. You have only to go to a shop and buy it."

"But I have no money."

Pinocchio, though he was the merriest of boys, was now very sad indeed.

But Joe jumped up suddenly, and, scrambling into his old coat, he rushed out of the house.

Soon he returned with an A B C book, but without his coat, although it was snowing. "Where's your coat, Daddy?" asked Pinocchio.

TO BE CONTINUED

BEDTIME CORNER

GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.



JACK and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

What is the Missing Word?

There was an old woman who lived in a —.

Shops

A FOX fell into a well and cried out for help. Then a wolf came running up and said, "Poor creature! How sorry I am to see you in such a plight! How long have you been here? How did it happen? Is the water deep?"

"Hurry!" said the fox. "Please help me out first, and then I will tell you all about it."

Do not stand talking when work has to be done.

A Bible Question

What boy in the Bible killed a cruel giant?

David

DEAR Lord, if I have been unkind this day do Thou forgive me, and for all my blessings (for health and strength and clothes and food) do Thou make me thankful. Amen

